

Oh! Molly Bawn why leave me
Now the pretty flow'rs were made to pine - ing. All
bloom dear, And the lonely wait - ing here for
pretty stars were made to

you shine. While the stars a - bove brightly shin - ing. Be -
And the pretty stars were made for the boys dear. And

cause they've nothing else to do: The flowers late, were o - pen keeping. To
may be you were made for mine. The wicked watchdog here is snarling. He

'try a rive - valy blush with
takes me for a thief you you see. But their
[For he mother. Na - ture set them
knows I'd steal you Mol - ly